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MONODY,

ON THE

DEATH OF BRIGADIER GENERAL

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE:

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY N. HILL WRIGHT.

"How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!"

ADDISON.

MIDDLEBURY, (VT.)

PRINTED BY SLADE & FERGUSON.

1814.

DISTRICT OF VERMONT, } TO WIT. }

BE it remembered, that on the third day of June, in the thirty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Nathaniel Hill Wright, of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

(L.S.)

"Monody, on the death of Brigadier General Zebulon Montgomery Pike: and other Poems. By N. Hill Wright. "How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!" Addison."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

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DEDICATION.

.....

TO THE LADY OF THE DECEASED GENERAL PIKE.

MADAM,

I AM sensible that an apology is due for my presumption, in dedicating to you, without permission, this little performance. As a feeble memento of the virtues of your departed husband, I cannot but hope that its imperfections will be overlooked, and the purity of intention which produced it, be alone regarded as an apology for the liberty I have taken.

IT must be a source of consolation to you, Madam, that the death of General PIKE was as noble and heroic, as his life was amiable and virtu-

ous. The tears of a nation spring afresh at his remembrance, and flow in sympathy with your own. The glow of admiration flushes the cheek of the war-worn veteran, and the youthful soldier, at the mention of his name, while they endeavor to emulate his virtues.

THAT the lenient hand of Time, aided by resignation to the will of HIM who "giveth and taketh away," may heal the sorrows of the heart; and that your declining years may be crowned with happiness and peace, is the sincere wish of,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

And very humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

.....

It is with diffidence that the author of this volume submits his performance to the inspection of an enlightened public. Conscious of his own defects, he can only hope, that good nature will pardon what rigid criticism may condemn. On this presumption, alone, he relies for a favorable reception. He has not the vanity to say that his poems are good; but he will freely confess, that "they are the *best* which he can produce." He therefore feels assured that his readers will

> "Be to his faults a little blind,
> And to his virtues very kind."

THE author of the following pages considers it unnecessary to offer any further apology for introducing them to public notice: And he has too much respect for the opinions of those into whose hands this volume may fall, to suppose they would regard him in a more favorable light, were he to adopt a different course, by recommending his own work. Nor would he wish it to be understood that he feels a total disregard of public opinion; far from it—for by that opinion will the merits (if it possess any) of this book be tested.

THE author is confident that the subject of the principal Poem is interesting to the heart of every American; for the memory of a hero is always dear to his countrymen, and long will they "in vain try to reanimate his sleeping dust with the tears of of their gratitude." The exalted principles of honor, the undaunted heroism, and the milder virtues, which shone forth in their native lustre in the character of General PIKE, and irradiated the sphere in which he moved—will never cease to be remembered by a grateful people. It belongs to

abler pens to do justice to his memory; but, though an humble tribute to departed worth, this offering is made in sincerity: May it not be unacceptable.

The Poems which follow the MONODY are the amusements of leisure hours, and have many of them appeared in different periodical publications. The flattering approbation of several literary gentlemen has induced the author to "gather up his fragments": With a trembling hope he now submits them to the public,

"And on HIS COUNTRY puts himself for trial."

N. H. W.

MIDDLEBURY, (Vt.) *June*, 1814.

MONODY.

.....

SCENE—*The Battle-ground, near York.*

TIME—*Evening.*

SWEET sleep the brave, who for their country die!
Around their urn the whisp'ring breeze shall sigh;
There shall the Sun his earliest lustre shed,
And his last glow play o'er the hero's head;
On that dear spot shall thousands, yet unborn,
Retire to shed the willing tear, and mourn!
There, no rude passion e'er shall intervene,
But every feeling answer to the scene;
Sweet, mournful pleasure, give the soul relief,
Whose noblest lux'ry is the "JOY OF GRIEF!"

If worth departed yet can sorrow move,
And Pity's tears flow with the tears of love;
If dear Remembrance to her task be true,
And deeds of glory spread before the view;
Then, dress'd in freshest verdure, long shall bloom
The laurels springing from the hero's tomb:
Their fragrance breathe thro' the long lapse of years,
And still be water'd by a nation's tears!
Oft shall fair Freedom seek the glorious grave,
Where peaceful rest the relics of the brave;
There, oft her son in plaintive tones bewail,
Whilst sighs, responsive, float upon the gale.

Spirit of Sympathy! from Heaven descend!
A Nation weeps!—Columbia mourns a friend!
Low in the dust now lies that godlike form;
Cold is that hand, which in the battle-storm
With dauntless courage wav'd the faithful blade,
And deeds of Spartan valor there display'd.
O, ne'er to man did bounteous Heaven impart
A purer spirit, a more generous heart;

And in that heart did nature sweetly blend
The fearless hero, and the faithful friend.

Could truth and virtue claim exemption free
From the dread fate of frail mortality;
Could native goodness, unalloy'd by art,
A noble mind, an uncorrupted heart;
A soul of honor, breath'd in every word,
Could these have stay'd the fated angel's sword;
Then might the Muse in glowing strains aspire
To "wake to ecstasy the living lyre:"
But sad and melancholy e'er must flow
The notes which echo to the song of woe!

Shades of the warriors, whom nor time, nor place,
Can ever from the human heart erase!
Ye, who in justice dar'd the sword to wield,
And martyrs fell on Freedom's blood-stain'd field;
"Bend from your clouds!" behold the hallow'd grave
Of Freedom's vot'ry, Pike, the virtuous, brave!
Around his tomb an holy lustre shed,
And guard the relics of the patriot dead!

And whilst to Heaven ascend a nation's vows,
With glory's halo bind the hero's brows.

When Death triumphant stalks the battle-plain,
Amid the heaps of wounded and of slain;
What potent power nerves the brave soldier's arm,
And lends to danger an attractive charm?
'Tis Glory, mistress of the hero's soul,
Which bids him press to reach the wish'd-for goal;
To gain by splendid deeds a deathless name,
And live eternal on the page of fame:
Nor that alone—if Virtue fire his breast,
Then is the warrior more than doubly blest:
His brows are crown'd with never-fading bays,
And grateful millions celebrate his praise.
Return'd from scenes of slaughter and of blood,
Where bleeding thousands swell'd the purple flood,
He tastes the sweeter, purer joys of life,
The glowing love of children and of wife:
While all are anxious his idea to blend,
With the lov'd names of father, brother, friend.

In vain, O, Pike! was wish'd thy blest return!
The widow'd wife is left thy loss to mourn!
Deeply transfix'd within her bleeding heart,
She feels the rankling of the fated dart:
The lovely daughter, ere in maiden bloom,
Reclines in sadness o'er a father's tomb;
O'er early youth the streams of sorrow roll,
And tears bespeak the anguish of the soul.
O, sacred be their griefs from every eye,
And hallow'd be each tributary sigh!
Its boundless love may Heav'n to them reveal,
And soothe the wounds which time can never heal.

Almighty Power! regard the widow's woes,
And let her soul once more obtain repose;
Bid her lov'd offspring on thy word depend,
Who trusts in thee, shall ever find a friend.

When softly falls the evening's gath'ring shade,
And wraps in sable ev'ry hill and glade;
Soon the bright star-beams tremble o'er the wave,
But brighter beams shine round the hero's grave:

Pensive, fond Mem'ry seeks the lonely bed,
Where, low in earth, proud Valor rests his head;
With pleasing sadness mounts on Fancy's car,
And decks with flowrets scenes of blood and war.
Ah! well she knows ne'er nobler blood did stain,
Than gallant PIKE's, the well-contested plain.

IN such an hour, when Nature finds repose,
And evening shuts the petals of the rose;
When Zephyr from his bow'rs, with fragrant sweep,
But gently swells the undulating deep;
The soul, releas'd from busy cares of day,
Again resumes her unresisted sway;
Then, wild with joy, or melting into tears,
The scenes she traces of departed years;
Views the destruction of a monarch's throne,
Or treads the path-way where a conq'ror shone;
Sees Freedom's warriors rush toward the fight,
Their cause, the cause of justice and of right.
With honest pride, she reads the rolls of fame,
And thrills with rapture at a PERRY's name;

Whilst noble HULL, DECATUR, BAINBRIDGE, JONES,
And the long list of Valor's dauntless sons,
Rise to the view—but cannot stay the tear
Which flows, profuse, o'er fallen merit's bier.
O! may such tears forever freely flow,
Such be the soul's sweet "luxury of woe!"
Such consecrate the mem'ry of the brave,
And rescue Virtue from th' oblivious grave:
By such, the glory of a LAWRENCE lives,
And ALLEN's fame a brighter glow receives.

THROUGH the green foliage of the lofty trees
Low whispers gentle May's inspiring breeze:
Save the faint, distant sound of dashing oar,
And rippling billow breaking 'gainst the shore;
Save evening birds' sweet, melancholy song,
As to their nests the warblers flit along;
No sound is heard—the Sun's last, parting beam,
O'er proud Ontario throws a golden gleam;
That flood, ennobled by a CHAUNCEY's name,
On whose fair bosom heroes seek for fame;

That flood, which erst the martial chieftain bore
To death and glory, on a hostile shore.

Now ardent Fancy casts her eager eye
To where, beneath yon oaks, which tower on high,
The fearless heroes "clasp'd the hand of death,"
And, for their country, joy'd to yield their breath.
Imagination, on swift pinions borne,
Again recals the bright and glorious morn,
When Freedom's soldiers willing sought the field,
And tore the brilliants from the Briton's shield.
Now the tall barks approach the fated shore;
Forth from their sides the well-train'd legions pour;
The gallant FORSYTH, with his dauntless band,
First bravely leap upon the hostile strand:
Beneath the shelter of the forest gloom,
The foe, prepar'd, awaits his pending doom. [fire,
As when some cloud, surcharg'd with Heav'n's own
O'er darken'd plains displays an aspect dire;
Till the bright flames illume the vaulted sky,
And dart, tremendous, from their stores on high;

So, on the foe, the battle's thunder broke,
So, on his legions, fell the dreadful stroke.
"On to the charge!" the hero's voice commands;
Confus'd, dismay'd, retreat the hostile bands!
And Albion sees, amid the conflict's glare,
That *Trenton, Monmouth, Bunker-Hill,* are there!

The second Washington beholds the scene,
And mid the battle's carnage smiles serene
His noble soul glows with a patriot fire,
His cheering words each dauntless heart inspire;
The humblest warrior, bent on deeds of fame,
Feels the glad impulse thrill throughout his frame;
Whilst (the bright Eagle hov'ring o'er their heads,)
From rank to rank th' infusive ardor spreads.

But hark! whence is that awful crash we hear?
Why are those shrieks which wound the list'ning ear?
Ah! see ascend the dun and thick'ning smoke;
And see, beneath, th' advancing column broke!

Startled, amaz'd, a moment they remain,
Then, doubly ardent, seek the fight again.

Amid the splendors of the glorious morn,
The foe, of all his "budding honors" shorn,
No longer able to endure the rays
Of valor, beaming with resplendent blaze;
The demon, Malice, now usurps his breast,
And fiend-like Envy rears her snaky crest.
The dire explosion hurls the pond'rous stones,
The air resounds with deep and dying groans:
Prone on the earth, see many an hero lie,
Resign his soul, and for his country die.
The chief belov'd, amid the fallen brave,
Wounded and bleeding, shrinks not from the grave;
With calmness waits th' inevitable doom,
Nor dreads the terrors of the dreary tomb:
His faithful friends in speechless anguish sigh,
And tears, spontaneous, flow from ev'ry eye.
O! at that moment of untutor'd woe,
When ev'ry heart imbib'd sweet Pity's glow;

Each bending o'er the fallen, dying chief,
In all the tearful agony of grief;
How brilliant shone the virtuous hero's pow'rs,
Whilst glory's Sun illum'd his parting hours.

Not unreveng'd the gallant hero fell;
Again the battle's echoing thunders swell!
But short the contest, ere on yonder height,
Columbia's standard greets th' enraptur'd sight;
The Red-Cross sinks, and o'er the "frowning steep"
The glitt'ring Eagle plays with graceful sweep.

* * * * * * * *

Now o'er the surface of the glassy tide,
Slow moves the barge toward the vessel's side;
Around, each heart in mournful silence grieves,
As the proud ship its precious freight receives:
Beneath, the well-earn'd banner now is spread,
A glorious pillow for a soldier's head!
The flash of valor fires the hero's eye—
'Tis done!—*The Spirit soars to GOD on high!*

O! YE, who, far remov'd from war's alarms,
Recline in peace, nor fear the din of arms;
Ye, for whose sake the hero spurns at wealth,
And forfeits ease, tranquillity, and health;
Will you not, bending o'er his hallow'd bier,
Pay the just tribute of an holy tear?
Say, shall his NAME forever be forgot?
And shall his VIRTUES be "remember'd not?"
No!—On his worth shall mem'ry joy to dwell,
And ev'ry tongue his glorious deeds shall tell.

THE tyrant's throne shall crumble into dust,
His name be hated, and his deeds accurs'd: [pow'r,
The impious wretch, who claim'd the Thund'rer's
And round him dar'd a flood of ruin show'r;
Who erst was view'd but as a chast'ning rod,
The scourge of nations, in the hand of God;
When from his hand is torn the reeking glaive,
Shall sink, unhonor'd, to the silent grave.
For him, no grateful people e'er shall mourn,
Or pearly drop of sorrow wet his urn.

Not so the hero, who, in Freedom's cause,
For justice seeking, his bright faulchion draws:
If he victorious through the fight is led,
Ten thousand honors circle round his head:
But should his blood enrich the battle-field,
And he to man's LAST foe be forc'd to yield;
Each patriot-heart shall then with sorrow bleed,
And tears shall flow "in gentle Pity's meed."
Mothers shall lead their offspring to his tomb,
And there, amid the sadly-pleasing gloom,
Recount his virtues, and his martial fame,
And teach their hearts to love the hero's name.

LAMENTED PIKE! whilst, where thy ashes sleep,
The passing trav'ler loves to pause and weep;
And village maids their humble offerings bring,
And deck thy grave with early sweets of spring;
Shall not THY COUNTRY some memorial raise?
Some grateful tribute of a nation's praise?
Yes! let thy name the marble proudly tell,
Who liv'd in honor, and in glory fell!

But vain the effort of the sculptor's art,
To trace inscriptions graven on the heart;
'Tis THERE, in brightest characters, thy fame
Shall stand recorded—THERE shall live thy name!
THERE the sweet flow'rs of memory shall bloom,
And sighs shall waft their fragrance to thy tomb;
Whilst manly Virtue on thy worth shall dwell,
And weeping Beauty breathe the sad FAREWELL!

NOTES TO THE MONODY.

.....

Page 10, line 13.

Spirit of Sympathy! from Heaven descend!

This, and the following nine lines, are taken from a former production of the author. Whether this deserves to be denominated a plagiarism, is left for the reader to decide.

Page 11, line 7.

A soul of honor, breath'd in every word.

No act of the life of General PIKE, will better display his exalted sense of true honor, than his last General Order, issued on the morning of the embarkation of the American troops from Sacket's Harbor, April 25, 1813, and from which the following are extracts:—

"It is expected that every corps will be mindful of the honor of the American arms, and the disgraces which have recently tarnished our arms: and endeavor by a cool and determined discharge of their duty to support the one, and wipe off the other."

"Courage and bravery in the field, do not more distinguish the soldier, than humanity after victory; and whatever examples the savage allies of our enemy may have given us, the general confidently hopes that the blood of an unresisting or yielding enemy, will never stain the weapons of the soldiers of his column."

Page 17, lines 5, 6.

And Albion sees, amid the conflict's glare,
That Trenton, Monmouth, Bunker-Hill, are there!

This couplet is varied from one in the "Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore," by the late R. T. Paine, Jr. Esq. of Boston.

Page 19, lines 3, 4.

How brilliant shone the virtuous hero's pow'rs,
Whilst glory's Sun illum'd his parting hours.

"A distinguished officer, who was in the battle at York, states, that as he passed the general, after he was wounded, he cried, "*Push on, my brave fellows, and avenge your general.*"—Niles' Register.

An officer, (we believe one of the general's aids) who was present, observes, in a letter to a friend, that,

"When the surgeons were carrying their wounded general and his aids from the field, our troops, which had just formed, gave a tremendous *hussa!* The general turned his head, anxiously, to enquire what that was for; a sergeant who accompanied him said—"*The British union jack is coming down, general, the Stars are going up.*"—He heaved a heavy sigh of extacy, and smiled, even amidst the anguish which must have been inseparable from the state of his wounds."

Page 19, lines 15, 16.

Beneath, the well-earn'd banner now is spread,
A glorious pillow for a soldier's head!

As the general was "breathing his last, the British standard was brought to him—he made a sign to have it placed under his head, and died without a groan. His body was embalmed at York, and conveyed to Sacket's Harbor, where it was interred in the magazine of Fort Tompkins, with all the stately pomp of military honor, amidst the regrets of every good man."—*Niles' Register.*

LINES

ON THE BATTLE OF THE ENTERPRISE AND BOXER.

SHALL not a tear bedew the grave,
Where peaceful sleep the virtuous brave?
And shall no bosom heave a sigh
For those, who for their country die?
Shall merit, opening into bloom,
Be buried in the silent tomb,
And with the mortal part decay,
Nor live one short, one little day?
No!—While fond "Mem'ry holds her seat,"
While virtuous deeds reward shall meet,

And Gratitude, within the breast
Of patriot true, shall find her rest,
The name of BURROWS shall be blest.

LAMENTED HERO! O'er thy bier
Shall Freedom shed her choicest tear!
And there shall fire-ey'd Courage weep
The dauntless soul, who brav'd the deep,
And nobly, at his country's call,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to fall!
And who, his life-stream ebbing fast,
Cheer'd his brave warriors to the last;
Who, ere dissolv'd his mortal frame,
By valor gain'd a deathless name;
And, as he clos'd his eyes in death,
In Vict'ry's arms resign'd his breath.

BEHOLD, majestic on the wave,
While proud, her sides the billows lave,
The gallant vessel court the gale,
And cheerly spread the swelling sail;

Whilst, floating high, are seen afar,
The Eagle, and the radiant Star.

But lo! the foe appears in sight!
Aloft, the Red-Cross banner, bright,
Plays in the breeze.—*That flag shall lower,*
And wanton in the breeze no more!

And now the warriors, side by side,
Pour death upon the trembling tide:
Forth from the scuppers streams the blood,
And crimson's o'er the azure flood.
So true the shafts of fate have sped,
The Briton's deck is strew'd with dead;
And as the conflict's thunder's swell,
They speak the foemen's fun'ral knell—
Whilst each Columbian hero fights
For Honor, Love, and "Sailor's Rights!"

But hark! once more the "victor's cheer"
Proclaims the hour of conquest near—

Columbia's Eagle banners soar
Where Albion's glory play'd before,
Hush'd is the noise of deadly strife,
And clos'd is many a warrior's life:
The gallant BLYTHE, who bar'd his breast
In battle-storm, has sunk to rest;
His "streamer drinks the ocean wave,"
"A foreign land shall be his grave,
"But foreign tears shall weep the brave."

AND now each ship, with shatter'd side,
Moves slow and mournful o'er the tide;
And as Columbia's shore they near,
Fond recollection, ever dear,
Tells to the heart some pleasing tale,
Of partner fair, in native vale,
Of rosy girl, or prattling boy,
A father's pride, a mother's joy;
Or humble cot, where love and truth
Shall bless the faithful sailor youth:

And yet will tears of pity flow,
To weep the fate of fallen foe.

By patriot pride, so ardent sought,
Dear was Columbia's conquest bought;
Dear was the vict'ry, bravely won,
For Freedom lost her fav'rite son.

Now o'er the scene, a sable cloud
Hangs out its melancholy shroud;
The mute procession, sad and slow,
Moves in the majesty of woe.*
Now swells the "last funereal hymn,
"And ev'ry eye with grief is dim."
Together fall'n, in manhood's bloom,
The Heroes find the silent tomb†—
Together meet an early end,
Nor more for Glory's wreath contend:
Hush'd are the tumults of the breast—
In Honor's circling arms they rest.

* The funeral of Lt. Burrows and Capt. Blythe, attended by their respective officers and crews, and a large concourse of citizens, was solemnized with the honors of war, at Portland, on the 8th September, 1813.

† "Having laid their ships together like heroes, they now lay their bones together like brothers."—*Anon.*

THE SAILOR'S DYING HOUR.

THE Eagle graceful wav'd in air,
And shouts of vict'ry swell'd the gale;
Whilst homeward bound, bright Glory's Star,
The CONSTITUTION, spread her sail.

And now the ireful battle's din
Had ceas'd along the wave to roar,
And Pity, bending o'er the scene,
Did many a gallant youth deplore.

Pale, on the deck, young WILLIAM lay,
Whilst, from his breast, the purple flood

In ebbing torrent flow'd away,
And mingled with his mess-mates' blood.

Beside him knelt a friend most true,
On whom reclin'd his dying head ;
And the pure drops, to friendship due,
Fast down his mournful visage sped.

"O, tell my MARY," cried the youth,
"Though fate's dark clouds around us lour,
"Yet does her love, and holy truth,
"Illume her sailor's dying hour.

"And though the voy'ge of life is o'er,
"And 'neath the wave I soon shall rest,
"Remember, when her love's no more,
"In Vict'ry's arms he died most blest."

He said,...and on the pensive crew,
Then turn'd his dim and closing eye !
'Twas o'er !.....the parting spirit flew,
Whilst each, responsive, heav'd the sigh.

But He, who rides upon the storm,
And in the whirlwind shews His pow'r,
Though ocean hide the sailor's form,
Supports him in the dying hour.

ODE

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE JAVA, BY THE UNITED STATES' FRIGATE CONSTITUTION, DECEMBER 29, 1812.*

HARP of Freedom! wake from slumber,
Breathe thy sweetest, boldest number,
Sound the triumphs of the brave!
Brothers, sons, and "fathers hoary,"
Bring your laurel-wreaths of glory,
Crown the heroes of the wave!

* This Ode was written at the request of a number of gentlemen, and sung at a celebration by a select party, in Boston.

O'er the blue and trackless ocean,
Where the storms, in rude commotion,
Waters mingle with the skies,
To each dastard fear a stranger,
In the face of death and danger,
Valor proudly seeks his prize.

Long the "Queen of Isles," undaunted,
(Conquest on her standard planted,)
Rul'd the empire of the Main;
Whilst the tribute nations round her,
"Mistress of the Ocean" crown'd her,
Proud to wear her golden chain.

But the magic charm is broken,
Freedom's voice, in thunder spoken,
Now dissolves the mystic spell:
Hark! the peals on peals resounding,
Tell, where azure waves surrounding,
How the haughty GUERRIERE* fell.

*Warrior.

Yet again, with glory beaming,
See Columbia's Eagle streaming,
Where the Red-Cross banner play'd;
Whilst defeat reluctant owning,
For her wither'd laurels moaning,
Albion views her glory fade.

See the JAVA's dread confusion,
Whilst the gallant CONSTITUTION
Thunders o'er the troubled deep;
Now, beneath the curling billow,
Valorous foemen find their pillow,
And on beds of coral sleep.

Honor bright, and Fame, regarding,
E'er the hero's toils rewarding,
O'er his life a lustre shed;
Sweetly, to the "Son of Ocean,"
Beauty pays her pure devotion,
Twining chaplets for his head.

Harp of Freedom! wake from slumber,
Breathe thy sweetest, boldest number,
Sound the triumphs of the brave!
Brothers, sons, and "fathers hoary,"
Bring your laurel-wreaths of glory,
Crown the heroes of the wave!

HENRY AND JULIA.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

"Affliction was enamor'd of their parts,
"And they were wedded to calamity."

[The little story related in the following lines, is not the work of imagination. It was communicated to the author several years since, by a much valued friend, who received it from the mother of the lovely, but unfortunate Julia. She is now no more—Death has released her from sorrow, and her relics repose near those of her beloved daughter. The author, in company with the friend alluded to, has visited the mournful spot; a weeping willow gently waves to the passing breeze—and some pious hand has planted a rose-tree at the head of the grave of Julia—it is emblematical of her life; for though the rose fade, like the amaranthine flower of virtue it still retains its fragrance.

Henry was a young officer in the revolutionary army. The regiment to which he was attached was quartered at a post in Massachusetts; but happening to be at Bennington at the time of

that memorable battle, he nobly volunteered his services, and fell just as it commenced.

Should this feeble tribute to the memory of departed merit, ever meet the eyes of any surviving relatives of the unfortunate lovers, it may revive feelings in their breasts, which a stranger could not, and did not wish to suppress, in his own.]

SEEST thou not yon wide-spreading yew,
Whose branches o'er the church-yard wave?
Beneath its shade, half hid from view,
Is gentle JULIA's early grave.

O, stranger, if perchance thine eye
Should rest on this sequester'd spot,
Pay the sad tribute of a sigh,
And mourn an hapless fair one's lot.

Let suff'ring virtue claim the tear
Which kindred souls must ever shed,
And while the mournful tale you hear,
Revere the mem'ry of the dead.

Near old Wachuset's* tow'ring height,
Whose cloudy summits awful rise,
Where many a long and dreary night
Descend the storms of wintry skies;

An humble, peaceful dwelling stood,
Surrounded by a beauteous grove,
Amid whose shade the turtle coo'd,
Emblem of innocence and love.

Here, fair as blushing, orient morn,
The lovely JULIA liv'd retir'd;
Each virtue that can life adorn,
Her pure, unsullied bosom fir'd.

A youth of manly grace possess'd,
Unknown to vile deceptive art,
With love inspir'd her gentle breast,
And won the treasure of her heart.

* "Wachuset Mountain, in the town of Princeton, Mass. may be seen in a clear horizon, at the distance of 67 miles, being 2989 feet above the level of the sea."—*Morse's Gaz.*

The laughing loves around them play'd ;
But Fate, who human bliss annoys,
Her sombrous mantle o'er them laid,
And clouded all their promis'd joys.

Ah ! hapless maid, thy boding heart
Too well foretold thy cruel doom ;
The hour which saw thy love depart,
Mark'd him a victim for the tomb.

Albion, with haughty tyrant-sway,
Decreed Columbia to the yoke ;
But soon the dawn of Freedom's day
Proclaim'd the hateful bondage broke.

Henry, whose soul no danger knew,
Obedient to his country's call,
With the young hero's ardent view,
To Freedom sacrific'd his all.

Whilst Love and Honor form'd his shield,
And Valor bade him strike the blow,

Long, o'er the blood-encrimson'd field,
His arm, successful, brav'd the foe.

But ah! on that victorious day,
When STARK his band of heroes led,
Scarce gleam'd his sword in battle-fray,
Ere HENRY number'd with the dead!

Extended on the field of fame,
One dying effort mov'd his tongue,
And his lov'd, distant JULIA's name,
On his last faulf'ring accent hung.

How chang'd, alas! the lovely fair,
When she th' unwelcome tidings gain'd!
She seem'd the image of despair,
And madness o'er her reason reign'd.

Yet Heaven, in pity to her woes,
Soon did her gentle soul release;
The grave receiv'd the drooping rose,
And all her sorrows hush'd in peace.

Beneath yon dark, wide-spreading yew,
Whose branches o'er the church-yard wave,
In silent gloom, half hid from view,
Is lovely JULIA's humble grave.

There, oft as Spring, in robes of green,
"Returns to deck the hallow'd mound,"
The rose in freshest bloom is seen,
And vi'lets strew their sweets around.

There youth and maids, by pity led,
In mournful silence linger near,
And bathe the turf which wraps her head,
With sweet affection's holiest tear.

HYMN

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.

"Thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God."
Acts x. 31.

How blest is he, whose gen'rous soul
Will, to the needy, joy impart;
Who bids the streams of pity roll,
To cheer the helpless wand'rer's heart.

The houseless orphan, doom'd to roam,
Shall oft repeat the good man's name,
And when he leaves his shelt'ring dome,
Through ev'ry wand'ring tell his fame.

Nor shall the widow's fervent prayer
For him, unheeded, rise above,
But soar to heav'nly regions fair,
And reach th' Eternal Throne of Love.

For him, the matin-song shall rise,
And evening-vesper soft ascend,
Imploring GOD, who rules the skies,
To bless the child of sorrow's friend.

And when his earthly course is run,
His path of duty faithful trod,
A better world shall view his sun
Shine with his SAVIOR and his GOD.

THE SLANDERER'S TOMB.

Deep in the dreary forest-gloom,
Where not a flow'r is seen to bloom,
And where a poison'd streamlet laves
The bank where deadly night-shade waves,
Is seen the Sland'rer's lonely tomb.

The boding owlet, hov'ring round,
Sends forth her screech of fearful sound;
The black-wing'd raven lingers there,
And blasting dews pollute the air,
And fall upon th' unhallow'd mound.

For him, who sleeps in that lone bed,
No tear of fond regret is shed,
No kindred dear his fate bemoan,
Or raise the consecrated stone,
With pious hands, above his head.

Alike to Heav'n and man a foe,
The only joy on earth he knew,
Was, to destroy his neighbor's fame,
To blight the fairest, brightest name,
And aim at Virtue's breast a blow.

On his dark brow scowl'd Envy dire,
His eye-balls flash'd a baleful fire,
Whilst Malice, and envenom'd Hate,
Dwelt in his heart in sullen state,
And swell'd it with a hellish ire.

Indignant, saw th' Almighty power,
The wretch fell woes around him show'r—
The bolt of Heav'n in thunder sped,

And struck the prowling monster dead,
That he should curse the world no more.

And now, in dreary forest-gloom,
Where not a flow'r is seen to bloom,
And where a poison'd streamlet laves
The bank where deadly night-shade waves,
Is seen the hateful Sland'rer's tomb.

"THE POWER OF SYMPATHY."*

THERE is a sweet, a soothing power,
Which cheers in dread affliction's hour;
Which lulls the sorrows of the breast,
And bids the storm of passion rest.

If "love despis'd" corrode the heart,
And wound the soul with barbed dart,
An holy balm may yet be found,
To heal the deep and rankling wound.

* These lines were suggested on reading a little volume bearing this title, written by a lady of Boston.

If flow'rs of friendship cease to bloom,
And drooping Virtue finds her tomb;
Yet can the lovely, latent charm,
The giant-power of grief disarm.

And if, in ev'ry scene of life,
The soul is torn with passion's strife;
If Peace delay her blest return,
And joys departed, still we mourn;—

That potent power will yet remain,
To break affliction's galling chain;
To soothe the sorrow-laden heart,
And bear of ev'ry woe a part.

The drops of pearl, that gently stream
From eyes which heav'nly lustre beam,
Confess, as down the cheek they stray,
That SYMPATHY directs their way.

THE FADED ROSE.

A FRAGMENT.

"Since Beauty, then, to Time must bow,
"And age deform the fairest brow,
"Let brighter charms be yours;
"The female mind, embalm'd with truth,
"Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
"When Time no more endures."

OSBORN.

* * * * * * * * * *

FROM the garden return'd, as my ELLEN drew nigh,
Her face was with sadness o'erspread; [eye,
Downward bent on the earth was her lovely blue
Whilst she lean'd on my bosom her head.

All lifeless and pale was the Rose which she gave,
And its leaves were fast falling away;
The lesson was solemn it taught of the grave,
And the proneness of life to decay.

And ah! (said the maid) as the blossom she view'd,
What an emblem of beauty is here!
Thy tints, once so bright, can no more be renew'd,
And thy fate may demand a sad tear.

It was pluck'd from its stalk at the dawning of morn,
Ere noon it was faded and dead,
And the dew-drops that erst its fair crest did adorn,
With its glowing carnation had fled.

Ye fair, lovely maidens, behold then your doom,
And remember the fall of the Rose;
Though beauteous as HEBE, the walls of the tomb
Will shortly your beauties enclose.

Improve, then, with joy, the sweet season of youth,
To enrich with blest VIRTUE the mind,

Let your bosoms e'er foster the spirit of TRUTH,
And RELIGION teach LOVE to mankind.

Then time shall glide sweetly, until the last hour
Of life's short probation draws nigh,
And the ANGEL OF MERCY, commission'd with pow'r,
Shall ascend with your spirits on high.

THE HOUR OF REST.

[The following lines were written in the favorite bower of a friend, on the banks of the M..... river, in Massachusetts, and intended to apply solely to him and his amiable family—in whose society the author has passed many agreeable hours.]

"But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
"Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
"Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

THOMSON.

I LOVE, when day's turmoil is o'er,
To ease my mind, by care oppress'd,
To hie me to my fav'rite bow'r,
And greet the welcome *Hour of Rest.*

There, whilst I view the setting sun
Illume the region of the West,
Well pleas'd to think my labor done,
I joyful hail the *Hour of Rest.*

The faithful partner of my life
Appears, with smiles, to make me blest;
I view, with rapture, child and wife,
And well enjoy the *Hour of Rest.*

The moments pass, in converse sweet,
Whilst, leaning on his mother's breast,
My little prattler seems to greet,
With joy, the welcome *Hour of Rest.*

When forc'd by storms the bow'r to fly,
And ev'ry warbler seeks its nest,
With me 'tis still a cloudless sky,
And still I hail the *Hour of Rest.*

Let summer's ardent sun prevail,
Or winter, clad in snowy vest,

With love and friendship blest, I'll hail,
Returning oft, the *Hour of Rest.*

So, when this transient life is past,
And cold shall be each throbbing breast,
May VIRTUE lead our souls, at last,
TO AN ETERNAL HOUR OF REST.

APPEAL TO THE AFFLUENT.

"How many drink the cup
"Of baleful grief, and eat the bitter bread
"Of misery."

THOMSON.

THINK, ye who roll in hordes of wealth,
And toil to swell your shining store:
Ye, who are blest with comfort, health,
O, think upon the suff'ring poor.

Let bland Compassion, Heav'n's sweet child,
Plead for the wretched sons of want;
O, listen to her accents mild,
And the blest boon of pity grant.

Go! selfish, mean, contracted soul,
Go, view the dark and cheerless cell,
Where misery eyes the scanty bowl,
Where penury's pale children dwell.

Go, view them brooding o'er their woes,
See the fond mother, children, sire,
Bend o'er the couch, with painful throes,
And see one lovely babe expire.

Perhaps they flow'ry days had known,
When all around was peace and joy;
When beams of plenty on them shone,
And shed pure bliss without alloy.

Go, view the prison's loathsome gloom,
Where the poor, hapless debtor lies;
Enclos'd within a "living tomb,"
For freedom, Heav'n's own gift, he sighs.

Torn from his wife and children dear,
He lingers out the weary day;

Whilst, down his cheek, the stealing tear
Oft finds its melancholy way.

And if these sights no pity move,
Nor cause one sigh to heave thy breast,
Remember, that A POWER ABOVE,
COMMANDS thee to relieve th' oppress'd.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE AN INSCRIPTION FOR A MOURNING PIECE, IN MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND. WRITTEN IN 1802.

YES, lovely friend, I'll ask my Muse
To grant one little boon;
That she'd a just memorial frame,
Of him who died so soon.

I'll bid her count his virtues o'er,
And tell his matchless truth,
How he could charm the ear of age,
And warm the breast of youth.

How oft his soothing accents cheer'd
The heart oppress'd with woe,
And how, when mis'ry's tale was told,
The willing tear would flow.

And she shall tell of that dread hour
Which left his spirit free,
When he resign'd his all below,
And sigh'd for nought but THEE.

Nor should the melancholy song
To him be all confin'd ;
That love and truth should be rehears'd,
Which two fond hearts had join'd.

But should the Muse refuse to grant
The boon which I desire,
Thou shalt supply the wish'd-for aid,
And the sad verse inspire.

TO MISFORTUNE.

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
"Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis thine, dread power, to tame the heart,
And bid the tear of sorrow flow;
The humbled soul, pierc'd by thy dart,
Will learn "to feel another's woe."

'Tis thine to chasten human pride,
And disregard our fav'rite schemes;
And, with an overwhelming tide
Of grief, disperse illusive dreams.

Inform'd by thee, th' IMMORTAL MIND
In holy contemplation roves;
Her views are not to earth confin'd,
But soar where angels tell their loves.

The manly breast will meet thy blast,
And proudly stem thy rudest shock;
'Twill never sigh for pleasures past,
But build on Heav'n's Eternal Rock.

Whence springs that comfort in the soul,
Which sheds around so bright a ray,
When floods of sorrow o'er us roll,
Which turns affliction's night to day?

Ah! 'tis RELIGION'S soothing power,
Which bids us bear Misfortune's frowns;
'Tis SHE, who cheers the gloomy hour,
When grief the fainting spirit drowns.

RELIGION, like the brilliant bow,
Shines through Adversity's dark cloud;

She rends the sable weeds of woe,
Which oft our fairest prospects shroud.

Weak mortals! then, no more repine,
Nor dare dispute th' Eternal Will;
Faith points to realms of Light Divine,
And bids the doubting soul be still.

LINES

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE INFANT EXPIRE IN THE ARMS OF HER MOTHER.

"Early, bright, transient as the morning dew,
"She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heaven."

YOUNG.

SAD was the scene! the mother's flowing tears,
The deep-felt sorrow of the heart express'd;
The fondly cherish'd hope of future years,
For life was panting on her parent's breast.

The little suff'rer, with an angel look,
Now upward turn'd her dim and dying eye;—

The hectic flush her lovely cheek forsook,
And the pure spirit sought its native sky.

Ye, who have known a parent's poignant pain,
When Heav'n your tender offspring call'd away,
Would you not shed the parting tear again,
And thus the tribute of remembrance pay?

O, if the treasures of the world were mine,
For one SUCH tear those treasures I'd resign.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. JULIET R******, OF B******
WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF HER HUSBAND.

"She flourish'd,
"Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
"Till, at the last, the cruel spoiler came."

OTWAY.

SHADE of the lov'd, lamented dead,
Oft at deep midnight's solemn hour,
When Fancy plays around my head,
And wields her wand of magic power:

O, then thy bright, angelic form,
Appears in heavenly radiance drest;

Then throbs my heart with rapture warm,
And holds communion with the blest.

Again thy well-known voice I hear,
In witching melody so sweet,
Which, like the music of the sphere,
My captive senses seems to greet.

Yet soon the dear illusion fades,
And sorrow bursts the bands of sleep,
I wake to mourn in midnight shades,
And hours of parted bliss to weep.

O, gentle Spirit, from this heart
Thy dear remembrance ne'er shall fly;
No, never from my soul depart,
Though I am doom'd to weep and sigh.

The tyrant's cruel arrow sped,
In life's fair bloom sweet JULIET fell!
Shade of the lov'd, lamented dead,
Blest Virtue's child—a long FAREWELL!

PITY'S TEAR.

"No radiant pearl, that crested fortune wears,
"Nor gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears;
"Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
"Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn;
"Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks,
"For others' woes, down Virtue's manly cheeks."

WHAT pow'r can soothe the wounded heart,
When torn by poignant grief, severe?
The sov'reign balm, for ev'ry smart,
Is found in gentle Pity's tear.

When on the soul afflictions press,
And earthly comforts disappear,

One joy remains our life to bless—
That joy is melting Pity's tear.

When friends and kindred turn away,
And Hope forgets the soul to cheer,
The darksome night is chang'd to day,
By lovely Pity's glowing tear.

Go view the dark and silent tomb,
Where sleeps a lov'd companion dear—
The sweetest flowrets there will bloom,
If nurs'd by gentle Pity's tear.

View the fond mother as she lies
In grief upon her infant's bier—
What lustre shines in Beauty's eyes,
Illum'd by Pity's sparkling tear.

And when Affection's breast with woe
Is charg'd, and sad foreboding drear,
Far brighter than the Iris bow,
Shines lovely Pity's lucid tear.

O, whilst we tread this earthly ball,
And wander wildly o'er the sphere,
For others' woes may ever fall
The pearly drop of Pity's tear.

RETROSPECTION.

"Each in his turn, some tragic story tells,
"With now and then a wretched farce between,
"And fills his chronicle with human woes."

YOUNG.

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
"Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
"Live! thou shalt find a shelt'ring port,
"A quiet home."

MONTGOMERY.

DAYS of my childhood, unclouded by sorrow,
When to my parents' fond hearts I was prest,
Days, when I heeded no thought of the morrow,
Days, when no care ever troubled my breast:

Ah! ye have fled, like the faithless deceiver,
Days of my childhood, forever and ever.

Days, when the vision of happiness, glowing,
Like the bright meteor, enraptur'd my sight,
No more are delights in a tranquil stream flowing,
They are sunk in the gloom of futurity's night.
The prospects in which my fond fancy delighted,
Those blossoms of bliss, by misfortune are blighted.

Sorrow, full often, with leaden hand pressing,
Bade me not taste of the full cup of joy;
With her magical wand she remov'd ev'ry blessing,
Transmuting the gold into basest alloy. [ing,
And when on my eyes broke the light of the morn-
She clouded the day, ere it scarcely was dawning.

Toss'd, like a ship, on the white foaming billow,
When the black tempests the Heavens deform,
Or bending beneath the loud blast, like the willow,
Oft have I weather'd Adversity's storm.

Forever expecting, forever believing,
Hope e'er was flatt'ring, and ever deceiving.

Yet, mid the scenes of soul-rending sorrow,
One ray of comfort enlightens the gloom;
O, may that glory shine fairer to-morrow, [tomb.
'Tis the beam of CHRISTIANITY, bright'ning the
Hope, then, no longer shall play the deceiver,
But the flowers of bliss bloom forever and ever.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1814.

TUNE—"*To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

ERE Nature first rose, in order sublime,
And darkness, chaotic, immensity clouded;
Ere the Sun had illumin'd the morning of time,
And rent the black veil which the ocean en-[shrouded;
Then did Heaven decree,
That our nation should BE,
And spring forth, triumphantly, wise, just and free;
Whilst myriads of angels their plaudits proclaim'd,
And on fame's brightest records Columbia was nam'd.

Fair Freedom had fled from the East in despair,
And to Albion's fam'd isle she impatiently hi'd her;
For awhile her bright standard wav'd proudly in air,
But she soon found that monarchs could never
From tyrants thus rude, [abide her,
In blood all embru'd,
She quickly her course o'er the ocean pursu'd;
Whilst the pilgrims, with gladness, her welcome pro-
claim,
And the forest re-echoes with Freedom's blest name.

But Albion, with envy and malice prepar'd,
Pursu'd all her foot-steps with dire desolation;
Till the sons of Columbia in thunder declar'd,
"No tyrant shall force her from this her firm sta-
Then WASHINGTON rose, [tion."
Subdu'd all her foes,
And confirm'd unto Freedom the land she had chose;
Whilst millions of freemen their gladness proclaim,
And couple with Freedom their Washington's name.

Whilst time shall endure, may the FOURTH OF JULY
Be sacred to Liberty—free from pollution ;
And as long as the Sun shall illumine the sky,
So long may continue our fam'd Constitution.
Then, freemen rejoice,
And raise your glad voice,
And swear to defend the blest land of your choice ;
And till heaven and earth are envelop'd in flame,
Columbia shall shine on the records of fame.

FREEDOM'S NATAL DAY.

AN ODE, WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1814.

TUNE—"*Hail Columbia.*"

SONS of Freedom! Hail the DAY
Which saw the end of tyrant-sway,
And witness'd Heaven's high decree.
"COLUMBIA! break thy chains—BE FREE!"
Joyful greet the glorious morn,
Which saw a mighty empire born;
Let the soul-enchanting sound
Echo all our land around;
Hoary age, and youth shall say,
"This is Freedom's natal day."

CHORUS.—*Freedom, heav'nly guest descend,*
Still to us be more than friend,
Whilst the golden trump of fame
Shall our gratitude proclaim.

Shades of Heroes! who have died,
Braving fell oppression's tide;
Who the shafts of vengeance sped,
And smote the monster, Slavery's head;
Till the demon, on the ground,
Prostrate lay, with many a wound;
Ye, from Heaven, pleas'd shall view,
Sons of patriots, firm and true,
As they chaunt the glorious lay,
"This is Freedom's natal day.
CHORUS.—*Freedom, &c.*

But again the cannon's roar
"Echoes round Columbia's shore;"
Peace has fled with all her charms,
Frighten'd by the din of arms;

Son, be worthy of your Sire!
Emulate his patriot-fire,
With his noble ardor burn,
And the wand'rer shall return;
Then more sweet shall sound the lay
"This is Freedom's natal day."
Chorus.—*Freedom, &c.*

From the skies, th' Almighty Power
Gracious looks upon this hour:
Heaven will still our rights defend,
Heaven will be our country's friend;
Whilst th' admiring world shall own,
We bow but to Jehovah's throne!
Round fair Liberty's pure shrine,
Let our hearts congenial join,
As we raise th' inspiring lay,
"This is Freedom's natal day."
Chorus.—*Freedom, &c.*

MAY 1 7 1938